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**March, 1918**



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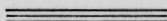
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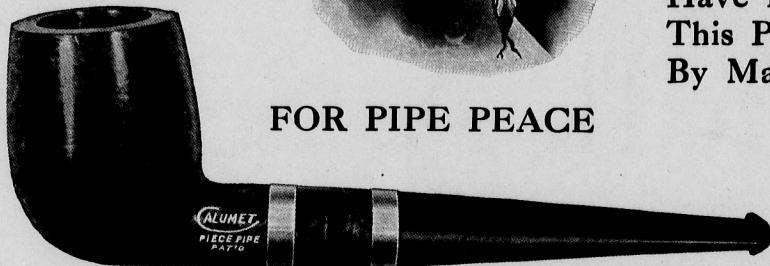
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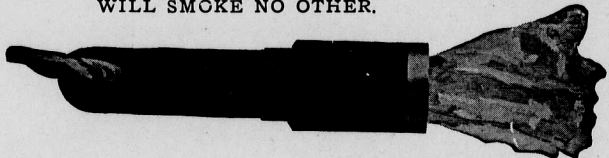
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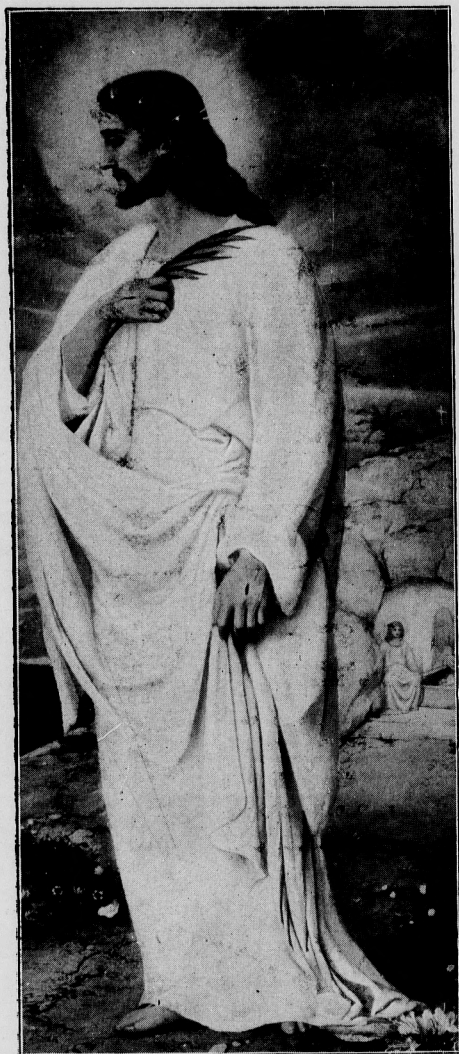
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**“The Lord is Risen! Alleluia!”**

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# THE XAVIER ATHENAEUM

Vol. VI.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, MARCH, 1918.

No. 3.

## Christ is Risen! Alleluia!



UNDERNEATH their scarlet sin and crimson shame,  
Groaned earth's benighted people. Dark the night  
Of vicious joy, wherein the Bacchal name  
Of heathen god was sung with rakish might.  
All man was wrapt secure in hopeless plight  
That blotted out each clear, ennobling beam,  
And shining ray of virtue's holy light.  
The world with open vice and crime did teem,  
Awaiting doubtfully the sacrifice supreme.

On Calvary's redeeming mount the cross,  
Uplifted, pierced the gloom of sin's abyss,  
Which wrapped Him round in mortal loss  
Enmeshed. Christ, the Victim, whom the kiss  
Betrayed, withstood the scornful Jewish hiss  
And begged the Father to repress His rage,  
And grant again to man the hallowed bliss  
Of heav'n. The spotless King—incarnate sage—  
Surrendered life as told the Sacred Page.

The massive stone is gone; the grave is bare!  
The glorious Christ at the empty tomb appears!  
The soldier guard flee from the splendent glare,  
But Magdalene, contrite in loving tears,  
Is soothed as the vision of her Master nears.  
The risen Christ has conquered man's own sin,  
Laying the worst of all his haunting fears  
Death is confounded! Christ essayed to win,  
And, winning, silenced earth's repellant din.

EDWARD ROELKER, '21.

## American Catholic Patriots.

(This oration was awarded first place in the contest for the St. Xavier Alumni Medal.)

**I**N times such as we are now undergoing, with our own country and most all of the world at war, we take delight in gathering together to give praise and honor to our valiant heroes, our soldier boys, who are fighting on the field of honor for our cause, and for the world's cause of democracy. It is but proper that we should give praise to our soldiers and particularly because among them are so many whom we can call our own.

It is, however, not my purpose to tell you tonight anything more than that great Catholic heroes will be developed in this war, as they were in every other war that this glorious country has ever had. In proof of this, I am going to call to your attention many great American Catholic patriots who have left behind them a record for bravery, loyalty and achievement that is second to none.

Though others may sing their siren cry of hate against us in times of peace, though they may calumniate us, oppose us and doubt our motives, it is a signal fact that once the American eagle spreads its wings to the air and the dogs of war are unloosed in defence of the rights of our country, our calumniators cease to declaim, their voices halt in their condemnation, as they see the Catholic manhood and womanhood taking up their share of the burden—yes, and often more than their share, in defense of our glorious flag.

Mention a crisis in American history, anywhere from the signing of the Declaration of American Independence to the present day, if you want to write of it, whether you are of our faith or not, you will have to mention the names of those Catholics who have risen up in defense of the country and its institutions.

The statue of American Freedom and Liberty stands on a pedestal, many corners of which are held up by Catholic heroes of the past. The roll of honor of our own contains names immortalized to Americans by their deeds on the field of honor, and it is but fitting that we give to these the due which is theirs.

You, Charles Carroll, come forth and tell us how you signed the Declaration of Independence though a hangman's noose was around your neck, and how, to make identity certain, you affixed "of Carrolton" to your name.

You, Daniel Carroll, and you, Thomas Fitzsimmons, come forth and tell us how you signed the Constitution of the United States though a king's headman threatened you with his axe.

And you, Fighting Jack Barry, Father of the American Navy, come forth and tell us how your sallies on the sea brought to this country material and money to make us free, tell us how one hour after your ship was destroyed on the Delaware, you organized your sailors into soldiers and marched off to join Washington at Trenton. Tell us of your battles on land and sea which made the poet write:

"There are gallant hearts whose glory  
Columbia loves to name,  
Whose deeds shall live in glory  
And everlasting fame;  
But no man ever braver  
Our Starry Banner bore  
Than Saucy Old Jack Barry,  
The Irish Commodore."

And now, Great Makers, and Saviours of this glorious land, I summon you as everlasting witnesses of Catholic patriotism to these United States.

George Washington, I summon thee from the palace of the immortals to write anew your letter of recognition of Catholic service to the winning of this country's freedom,—yea, to her very founding. I call upon thee to tell how Bishop John Carroll, the first bishop of the United States and your life-long friend, helped you to maintain neutrality between France and England, while ten thousand howling fanatics paraded around the Presidential mansion and threatened to drag you from your office.

You, Thomas Jefferson, I summon from eternity to tell how, while others attacked you, every Catholic pulpit in the land supported you as you gave the Heaven-born Banner to the Louisiana Tract and started it on its march to the Golden Gate of the Setting Sun.

And you, James K. Polk, I summon from the past to tell that while in the war with Mexico in 1846, opponents raised their vampire cry of hate, every Catholic influence in the country, in

office and out of office, helped you plant the Star-Spangled Banner over the vast stretches of the Great Southwest.

And you, Abraham Lincoln—"thou keeper of a nation's heart and treasurer of its tears,"—I summon thee from thy eternal peace to tell us of the thousands of men who fought both as officers and privates under the blue and the gray for what they thought was right. I call upon thee again to tell us how Archbishop Hughes of New York crossed the Atlantic and kept France from trying to wreck the Union; to tell how Bishop Dominic of Pittsburg crossed the seas and kept Spain from trying to make this a land divided against itself.

And, lastly, I summon thee, Ulysses S. Grant, from that eternal camping ground whereon you tent tonight, to tell us of the thousands of Catholic boys who fought so valiantly under you, all the way from Bull Run to Appomattox, that the Union might be preserved.

Tell us of Francis Meagher and his Irish Brigade—the fighting Sixty-ninth of New York—at Malvern Hill, at Antietam or at Gettysburg, when the brigade was ordered to check the onrush of General Anderson's Confederates. Tell how the chaplain leaps to the top of a large boulder and shouts: "The Catholic Church refuses Christian burial to the soldier who turns his back to the foe or deserts his flag," adding that he is ready to impart sacramental absolution to those who in their hearts make a sincere act of contrition for their sins. Tell how all fall on their knees, how General Hancock in his saddle nearby removes his hat while absolution is given. Tell us of that wonderful charge they make and of the result.

Lastly, tell us how "the spirit of Napoleon found reincarnation in that crashing, dashing, unbeaten and unbeatable Irish-Catholic soldier, Little Phil Sheridan, than whom you said 'No greater general ever lived,'"—of whom your soldiers sang:

"There is one we love to call our own  
Renowned by sword and pen;  
His plume alone, where'er it shown  
Was worth ten thousand men.  
'Twas he snatched victory from defeat,  
Our hearts' commander still,  
Where'er we meet, his name we greet,  
Our matchless little Phil."



Whatever our calumniators may say, the true history of our country, whether written by Catholic or non-Catholic, attests that we have been second to none in the love of our flag.

What! Catholics disloyal to the Red, White and Blue? No! By those who fought at Lexington, at Bunker Hill and Yorktown. Again by those who fought at Lundy's Lane and New Orleans; and by those of our forefathers who fought in the forefront in every battle of the Civil War, mention what one you will. No! By those great patriots who raise both voice and pen against the greatest enemy that flag has ever known—socialism. No! By the thousands upon thousands of our boys who now are in France or in camp lifting their sword in her defence. No! by the chaplains and sisters, the "angels of mercy of the battlefield," who are this very day striving to alleviate the anguish of our loved ones. Again No! By the Catholic mothers and fathers who have freely given up their boys to their country.

And why should we be otherwise, with that flag leading us on; its stripes of red reminding us of the blood our forefathers shed in its defence, its stripes of white symbolizing the purity of our purpose, and its stars of white in their bed of blue reminding us of our everlasting home in the heavens beyond, which we hope and trust will be the eternal resting place of those who are truest to their country because they were true to their God.

JOHN B. HARDIG, '20.



## Easter Morn.



IS Dawn! The Eastern sky with ruddy glow  
Suffused, precedes the coming of the day.  
Deep silence wraps the valley in its folds  
And lulls the sighing breeze to cease its play.  
In yonder grove, before the silent tomb,  
The guards are crouched in slumber, deep, profound,  
When suddenly a radiant angel, snowy white,  
Rolls away the pond'rous stone without a sound.  
Celestial music fills the vibrant air.  
The guards awoke, so vivid was the glare.  
Then Christ, Our Lord, in all His Glory rose,  
Extending wide His pierced hands He shows  
To all mankind how much He had to bleed  
So that our souls from sin might e'er be freed.

ELMER J. TRAME, '19.

## The Unfinished Message.



OWN the narrow trail leading away from Nome sped a roughly clad rider. He turned neither to the right nor to the left but bent over his horse, hurrying his steed onward. Past the tall pines he rode like the fury of the wind until at last he drew up before a small and almost dilapidated hovel. Dismounting, he flung himself against the barred door and cried out: "Mary! Mary!" No answer came and with redoubled vigor the northerner beat against the gnarled wood of the door. Then slowly the door opened and the rider rushed in.

"Mary," he gasped, "look in the—!"

He did not finish, but fell dead. Mary Clark was beside herself with mingled grief and wonderment. In feverish haste she called out to him to complete his dying admonition, but the voice of John Clark was past the power of answering. Calling her youthful son from an inner room, she showed him the lifeless body of his father and together they examined the corpse for evidences of his sudden demise. They did not have to examine long, for an ugly gash in the throat revealed the cause of John Clark's death. Stricken by sorrow and distress, they prepared for the simple funeral and bade a last farewell to the remains of their best friend on earth.

It was at least a week before either Robert or his mother felt able to speak of the perplexing enigma that hung about the final words of Clark.

"Mother," said the boy, "I wonder what father referred to in his dying message."

"I don't know, my son."

After a dreary pause of five minutes Robert resumed the conversation.

"Father didn't have any secret papers or claims, did he?"

A loud rap at the door checked the mother's reply. Robert looked at his mother with a meaning glance, but blank surprise and wonder were stamped on the tear-stained face of Mrs. Clark. The boy walked to the door and carefully drew back the bolt. In an instant a tall stranger stepped inside, his surcoat buttoned up to the neck, his plush cap pulled down over his ears. With a



sigh of relief, the newcomer shook off the mantle of snow from his coat and handed Robert a card. Suspiciously, but with a boy's curiosity, Robert read: "William Dexter, Attorney." A cold and formal greeting was extended to the stranger, but if this was meant to discourage the mission of Dexter, the attempt was unsuccessful. The attorney was of the bland and smiling kind and turned each incisive effort to thwart his plans.

"Mrs. Clark," he began with compromising deference, "you must feel dejected and lonesome out here amidst the polar blasts without any adequate protection."

The widow sobbed quietly but made no answer.

"Why not leave this place and live in Nome where the people are congenial and where the law warrants you better security?" Dexter continued, gazing intently on the sad features of Mrs. Clark.

"I intend to leave sometime but just when I cannot say," was all the satisfaction vouchsafed to Dexter.

"But why not now?" insisted the attorney, "and I may say the government is anxious to acquire this property immediately for the site of the proposed railroad."

"What railroad?" Robert interposed.

Turning to the boy Dexter explained: "It is clear you have not been to the city for some time, else you would know that a railway is being planned to connect the several remote cities of this section."

"Still," said the stranger, again addressing Mrs. Clark, "if you wish to consider the matter at your leisure, I will return later—say in a day or two."

Both Mrs. Clark and her son were glad to be rid of the attorney. They preferred to consider their affairs without the advice of their recent acquaintance.

The bolt had scarcely been set after the departure of Dexter when Robert begged his mother not to leave their home until he could probe the mystery of his father's unfinished request.

"My son," Mrs. Clark said fondly, "I believe you are making too much of those uncertain words of father's. They might have been the result of delirium."

"I don't think so, mother," corrected her son, "anyway, let's stay here a few months longer."

"Alright, Robert," Mrs. Clark agreed.

Outside, the wind howled in its Alaskan fury and blew against the mean hovel as if it would, at any minute, sweep it away. At intervals, even above the noise of the gale, could be heard the monotonous cracking of pine branches. The snow piled up in huge drifts before the tall trees and whirled the falling boughs around like some white monster, whipping the wood into spasms. Twigs and frosted leaves were sent through the air like hail hurled at the earth by an outraged mountain god. Within the cabin, Robert and his mother were oblivious of the storm; both were thinking of the stranger who had crossed their threshold and who was so anxious for them to leave. Bidding her son good-night, Mrs. Clark retired and Robert himself made a pretense at doing the same.

Towards midnight Robert rose and began a search for what he thought might be the object of his father's last request. He first explored the poorly furnished room which served as a kitchen. He then quietly made his way to an underground passage where his father had kept his tools. Box after box he overturned in his hurried quest but he found nothing that might satisfy his purpose. Discouraged, Robert swung his lantern carelessly as he retracted his steps back to the ladder. Of a sudden the light flashed on a glittering object, almost completely hidden in a little niche in the wall. With a suppressed cry of anticipation the boy drew a shining box from its place. But to his chagrin the box was locked. Undaunted, Robert pried open the lid and swiftly inspected the contents,—a few papers. One by one he cast them aside; all but the last. He snatched at it with a firm grasp. This must be what he was looking for. Noiselessly he regained the upper floor and placed his treasure where he might lay hands on it.

The next morning Robert was not to be seen. Mrs. Clark, knowing her son's fondness for hunting, supposed that he had gone on one of his usual tramps after the bear. Accordingly, she busied herself with her duties and gave no further thought to her son's disappearance.

Thus the day passed. In the evening Mrs. Clark became apprehensive, for Robert seldom had remained away all day. Worried, she stood by the cabin door, peering into the forest and anxiously awaiting his approach. Just then a voice hailed her and craved admission. Mrs. Clark led the way into the hovel and the self-complacent figure of Dexter followed her.

"Good evening, Mrs. Clark! I hope you have decided to listen to my advice." The attorney spoke with an easy assurance of success.

"No, Mr. Dexter, I have not yet decided to leave," Mrs. Clark responded coldly.

"You had better go before the government condemns your property and pays you but a few dollars." Dexter was beginning to feel uncomfortable at Mrs. Clark's possible refusal to vacate her humble dwelling.

The sonorous voices of the Alaskan police stopped further conversation. The door opened and in walked Robert and three officers of the law.

"That is the man," hissed the boy. And he pointed to the craven form of Dexter. The latter stealthily glanced about the room but saw that escape was impossible.

The officers made fast their man, and Robert continued, "Mother, that man killed father for the deed to the gold mines he discovered near this cabin of ours."

"You lie," shouted the enraged attorney.

"You know I don't," Robert answered suavely, mimicking the bland civility of Dexter. "I found out all about you at Nome. You killed my father for this deed, but he had strength enough left to warn us of your coming. The government does not intend to build its road across our property and you sought to obtain our deed so that you could reap the reward of my father's work."

Robert ceased his tirade, satisfied with the exposure of the scoundrel. He consoled his mother who had begun to weep at the mention of John Clark's death.

"Come," said the officer in charge. And Dexter went out—into prison and unto death.

EDWARD ROELKER, '21.

## Louis Pasteur, the Prince of Science.

**I**N a somewhat unfrequented district of Paris stands a very beautiful structure. It was erected towards the latter part of the last century. Its magnificence is not its main attraction. The building has a far greater significance, for it is a memorial of the appreciation of a people to the man whose ashes it contains, Louis Pasteur. History records in characters of gold, the accomplishments of this great man. As a scientist, he is perhaps the greatest of the nineteenth century; as a Catholic, he is rightly ranked among the great Catholic laymen.

Louis Pasteur was the son of very poor parents. It was their cherished desire to give their son an excellent education, and untold sacrifices were made for this purpose. The first few years at school were spent rather unprofitably. Books had no attraction for Pasteur. He enjoyed, like other red-blooded youth, the joys in the wide outdoors, and spent most of his time with his fishing-rod. Another of his favorite pastimes was drawing, and he spent many delightful hours in sketching portraits of his companions. As he grew older, he began to fully realize the sacrifices his parents were making for him, and then and there he cast aside his frivolous enjoyments. From that very moment, the passion for work, so characteristic in his future career, had its incipency.

Upon receiving his "bachelier des lettres" Pasteur became a professor in the college of Arbois. Soon, however, his brilliant talents and progress attracted the notice of his aged schoolmaster. "It is not towards a chair in a little college like ours you must direct your energies, you must be professor in a Royal college. My little friend, think of the great Ecole Normale." In 1843 Pasteur was admitted to the Ecole Normale. His love for chemistry, which had been previously displayed while at Arbois, now developed into a passion. Hence every means was at his disposal for gratifying the hunger of this passion. Isolated in his laboratory, he worked long and patiently. Like any other scientist, he encountered seemingly insuperable difficulties, and it was only by means of his persistency and patience that he overcame them triumphantly.

Around the walls of his monument are inscribed his scientific triumphs. Each inscription represents a great advance forward in science—1848, Molecular Dissymmetry; 1857, Fermenta-



tions; 1862, So-called Spontaneous Generation; 1863, Studies in Wine; 1865, Diseases of Silk Worms; 1871, Studies in Beer; 1877, Virulent Microbic Diseases; 1880, Vaccinating Viruses; 1885, Prophylaxis of Rabies. A mere consideration of these discoveries at once shows the justification of calling him the "Prince of Science."

France, at that time especially, had an enormous wine industry, but great losses were incurred each year on account of the wine becoming sour before it could be used. Pasteur's studies in wine resulted in the total elimination of these losses. Then, too, France had extensive silk industries. The silkworms contracted a very contagious disease which threatened their total annihilation. The nation of France called upon this great scientist to make a special study of the disease, and if possible suggest an efficacious remedy. At first the case baffled him, but his limitless resourcefulness finally succeeded in discovering a very effective remedy. It was by these two discoveries that Pasteur endeared himself to the hearts of the French people.

Pasteur's researches resulted in great developments. In the field of science (medical) the fruits of his work received the greatest development. The practice of surgery was revolutionized by the introduction of the antiseptic and aseptic treatment of wounds. On the occasion of his jubilee celebration, years later, Lister, a Representative of the Royal Society, publicly referred to the debt of gratitude which the medical science owed him. "Truly there does not exist in the entire world any individual to whom the medical sciences owe more than they do to you. Your researches on fermentation have thrown a powerful beam, which has lightened the baleful darkness of surgery, and has transformed the treatment of wounds from a matter of uncertain and too often disastrous empiricism into a scientific art of sure beneficence. Thanks to you, surgery has undergone a complete revolution, which has deprived it of its terrors, and has extended almost without limit its efficacious power."

It is now advisable to deviate from a mere enumeration of this great scientist's achievements, and study the man himself. Pasteur was a staunch Catholic. The embers of his unswerving loyalty to the Church more than once burst into flame during his lifetime. When he had conclusively proved the utter absurdity of the so-called spontaneous generation, the atheists and free-thinkers raised an excited clamor. They saw their very existence

depended on this theory, for it had explained to them the nature and origin of life. Pasteur became aroused and boldly stepped forth to prove his contention. He appealed to the Academy of Sciences to appoint a committee to judge between him and his opponents. Pasteur came before the committee and executed his experiments successfully, but his opponents begged time and gave a petty excuse. The judges, however, would not allow their claim and gave the decision to Pasteur.

Another striking quality of Pasteur's noble character was the intense compassion he displayed towards any kind of suffering. Immersed as he was in the midst of the sciences which dealt with suffering of any description, it would be most natural to suppose that he would eventually become callous to scenes of suffering. It was exactly the contrary however. The cries of pain from a patient on the operating table never failed to arouse the greatest pity in him. The dying moans of a sufferer, whom he had done all in his power to save, cut as deeply into his heart, as into those of the parents. All during his scientific career, this extraordinary trait was continually in evidence.

As Pasteur neared the end of his life, he resigned himself to His Divine Will. His unswerving faith, strikingly simple in its tenor, never failed to excite the greatest wonderment amongst those who so stoutly believed the incompatibility of science and religion. The following quotation by Pasteur will illustrate his great faith: "The more I know, the more nearly does my faith approach that of the Breton peasant. Could I but know it all, my faith would doubtless equal even that of the Breton peasant woman."

Louis Pasteur passed away on September 28, 1895. He was laid to rest in the institute that bears his name. The walls of his tomb are decorated with the inscriptions of his triumphs. Above these inscriptions are four mosaic panels representing Faith, Hope, Charity and Science, the guiding principles of his life. Truly did Alfred Hayes write of this great man,

"Not mid the dead should he be laid asleep,  
Who wagheth still with death triumphant strife,  
Who sowed the good that centuries shall reap,  
And took its terror from the healer's knife.  
Defender of the living he shall keep,  
His slumber in the arsenal of life."

ELMER J. TRAME, '19.

## Hunting "Tin Fish."

(As told by a distinguished Service man.)



WELL, ever since the beginning of this rumpus—it was a different sort of a job then—I have been out with a fleet of silly old drifters, chasing German subs. I even started in dragging herring nets to the orders of an old navy man, and with only three active and three reserve men along. Not a very imposing group I admit, but we felt very competent. And proud? Why, out there in those little boats we felt like the whole bloomin' British navy; and we had a right to, I claim.

"In those days everybody was reading in the papers about the grand fleet, and rear admirals, and such; while—if the truth were known—we fellows off up the coast had positively the worst job of the early part of the war on our hands.

"The only thing we had to do was to run a couple score of these drifters in grand style, and to drill the respect of the flag and the fear of the Lord into about five hundred simple fishermen.

"Ever try to order a long-shoreman about, unless you knew him very well? Then don't!

"These weren't disturbers by any means, nor were they afraid of anything, but this fighting game was entirely new stuff to them. It took three solid months to get them running right; but finally we did it; and, honest to Bob, if I wasn't sure they were good material and true Britishers I would have quit almost the first month. But, blast them, even if they were true Britishers, I never met with such stiff opposition since I shipped on a South American cattle boat."

And here the narrator made a grimace, as if remembering an unpleasant experience. "As I said, however, we finally whipped them into shape, showed them how and why to salute the various uniforms, and explained the necessity of obeying all orders; and when we moved on to our regular game, why I never saw such a peppery lot. Their inherent British sporting blood was aroused, I suppose—as we have always been hunting something or other—and the undersea boats were merely a new phase of the old game.

"Why these men were so anxious for the real stuff, they almost prayed for a flock of the U-boats to come along. Well, they came along, and fast enough, too, but the most exciting incident of all our little meetings with Fritz's fish occurred one night last May.



"We had been down almost as far as the channel, and were on our way back up, when we met this lad. Every time I think of it I get the chills and fever. It was night, extremely dark, and close and sultry even at sea, with no wind blowing and very little sea running. We were just off a promontory—and wishing we were on it—when we discovered something wrong with the screw of the so-called flag-ship, formerly a little sea-going yacht.

"As our 'fleet' was a good bit behind the power-boat, we therefore stopped to investigate. Now we had been still for almost a quarter of an hour, and a couple of us had stepped to the rail out of curiosity to see how the trouble was coming out, when suddenly 'Jeems' Whartles, one of the active men, straightened up with a muttered 'Listen!' We were then lying stern to the wind, where every little sound could come to us easily, and as we were immediately alive to everything, I thought I detected a little wash-wash, as of water against a moving boat.

"Then, all at once, right on top of us, was a submarine. She was moving slowly along the surface, with a chap in her conning tower having a bit of a smoke.

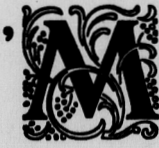
"My, but my heart was pounding! It came so all of a sudden like, I turned stiff. But not 'Jeems.' With a mad leap he was at the nearest gun and opened fire point blank at the bloomin' thing, and with a 'plop' and some bubbles she went down like a log.

"The excitement was intense. Despite the fact that we knew she went down at the first volley—because of her nearness—'Jeems' kept on pumping the old gun for all he was worth.

"Finally, when we had fairly regained our senses, we turned the light on the spot where she disappeared, and what do you think we saw floundering about in the sea? A nasty, bleeding, bally German.

"Well, we picked him up as quick as we could, and after he was rested and fixed up a bit he told us that the shot had caused him to be thrown out, and that a piece of flying metal must have hit him. He stayed with us until we arrived at our base, acting glum about some things and chipper about others, when we turned him over to the authorities. And you know," the fisherman concluded, "we never did find the blasted tin-fish."

## Spring.



IN woodland dell and peaceful glade,  
Sequestered 'neath the sylvan shade,  
I strew my blossoms sweet and fair  
And watch them sail the balmy air  
Till gently on Earth's bosom laid.

The vale so bare in wintry hours  
Leaps into life with fragrant flowers;  
The woods so silent and so drear,  
Are now alive with songsters' cheer—  
All Nature revels in her bowers.

With eager clasp my cymbals meet,  
In sweet accord they then retreat  
And fling wild echoes far and wide  
To echo back from mountain side,  
My festal song, my ears to greet.

And thus delight and joy I bring.  
The birds flit by on merry wing.  
The brook glides on with rippling waves  
And verdant banks of moss it laves.  
All this is due to me, fair Spring.

ELMER J. TRAME, '19.

## The Reaction Against Electivism.



SHORT while ago, in one of our prominent monthly periodicals, the president of a large college in the Middle West gave expression to some views that are indicative of the trend of thought among the careful and observant educators of our day. It is a reaction against an evil which is threatening to disrupt the whole organization of secondary education in our public school system, the evil of electivism.

Until a comparatively short time ago, it was the accepted state of affairs for our secondary schools to offer one, or at most two, courses of study, which must be pursued in order to obtain the diploma of graduation. But now conditions are at the other extreme. The present system, under which almost any sixteen units of high school work entitle the pupil to a diploma, has resulted in the widest variation of courses. The prevalent acceptance of the doctrine of interest—that the youth should study only what he finds congenial—leaves to the individual the choice of the course of studies to be pursued. The result? One pedagogue, with an eye for statistics, calculated that one of our modern high schools offered a choice among almost a thousand possible courses. To be a failure in such a school requires a glorious depth of ignorance. You do not like Latin and Greek? Well, take “manual training.” Your love for mathematics is a negative quantity? There’s a snap course in English. History? Rather sail lightly through a hodge-podge of “science.”

The result of this electivism is evident. The late lamented psychologist, Professor Munsterberg, pointed out the damage that this system wreaks on the character of the child:

“A child who has himself the right of choice, may learn a thousand pretty things, but never the one which is the greatest of all—to do his duty. He who is always allowed to follow the paths of least resistance never develops the power to overcome resistance; he remains utterly unprepared for life. The school alone has the power to encourage and train the belief in duties and obligations, to inspire devotion to better things than those to which we are drawn by our lower instincts.”

Some educators ridicule this idea that the facing and surmounting of obstacles has an important place in education. But that principle has able defenders and strong arguments in its favor. It is based on the fundamental meaning of education—the harmonious development of the physical, moral and intellectual powers of man. It is this principle which underlies the Ratio Studiorum of the Jesuit colleges and has enabled them to produce the men of character whom they have produced. The real fault in the elective system is this: that while it may succeed in training the intellect, it neglects altogether the training of the greatest power in man—the will. That faculty can be trained and strengthened only by exercise along the right lines. That faculty must be trained and strengthened if men of strong character and moral courage are to be the products of our educational system.

The question is this: Can the will be trained and strengthened by the elective system? The answer is: No. If the choice of studies is left to the student, if he is allowed to change the branches which he finds difficult or disagreeable, if he is not obliged to exercise any real effort, how can it be said that his mind is trained? How can it be said that the student is really educated?

The great educator, Comenius, laid down the triple aim of education, which always has been and always will be true, when he said:

“Know thyself—rule thyself—direct thyself to God.”

And, we might add, the greatest of these is the second; without it the first is useless—without it the third is impossible.

And yet this second aim is completely neglected by the elective system. It is most strongly upheld and emphasized by the advocates of a prescribed course of studies. Their arguments for the necessity of training the will by obliging the pupil to pursue a prescribed course of studies and to overcome whatever difficulties may present themselves in that course, were disregarded in the general rush to take up the elective plan. But American high school education has been surfeited with this latest fad, and a slow but sure reaction is setting in.



Let us return to our college president. With a warning of what we may expect if our present high school education is not radically changed, he goes on to say:

"That system—(our public secondary educational system)—is indeed weak, uninspiring, unrelated, wasteful, ineffective. It should be made vigorous, quickening, compact, economical. It should not be content with being merely intellectual. It should be made also ethical, social, moral, touching the conscience, moving the will, as well as giving discipline to the intellect. It should inculcate the importance of the principles of justice, honesty, moderation, self-respect and temperance."

This declaration clearly expresses the needs of our high school education, and is based on a college president's observation of the products of our schools. The sight of so many weak and willess "educated graduates" is the cause of the revulsion from the existing state of affairs.

In our present educational system, the aim "Rule thyself" has not been attained. Hence the cry for the inculcation of the importance of the principles of justice, honesty, moderation, self-respect and temperance. Our friend, the college president, points out the defect:

"American education has been directed to the education of the mind—narrowly interpreted. It has made as slight an attempt to train the will, the executive faculty, the organizing faculty, as it has made to enrich the imagination or to refine the taste."

We boast of our American efficiency and energy, we boldly proclaim that we can make the high school the "poor man's college." The means: Electivism in the high school, so that every student's interests and capabilities can be satisfied, so that no one is obliged to pursue an uninteresting or difficult course of studies. The result: Hundreds of courses, hundreds of graduates with a smattering of learning, with partially developed intellects, guided by weak and untrained wills, following not the right but the pleasurable.

Is it any wonder that the provident educators are in alarm, that they fear for the future of American education, that they are trying to break away from the system that is so threatening? Ah, but their struggle is not easy. The system in possession is

strongly intrenched, and is zealously guarded by propagandists and subsidized educational institutes whose maintenance depends on its existence. Yes, the struggle will be hard, but let us hope that wisdom will conquer whim, and true, not false ideals, will prevail,—that the evils in our educational systems will be remedied, so that future American generations will be constituted, not of intellectual animals, but of real men.

JOSEPH F. McCARTHY, '18.

### Contrasts.



O zephyr sleeps upon the sea,  
But haunted by the gale;  
Nor smileth peace upon the sea,  
E'er cannon hush their wail.

No autum glories' mellow light  
On meadow, lake or dell,  
But bodes the winter's icy blight  
To break the golden spell.

So every sojourn in these vales  
Of mortal man's career,  
May tell a host of sunny tales,  
But not without a tear.

JEREMIAH KIELY, Fourth High.

## Jim Dawson.



HERE was a subdued murmur of excitement in the Sophomore classroom of St. John's College. Jim Dawson, the President of the class and Prefect of the Senior Sodality, had been drafted, and was to leave that day. Jim was by far the most prominent man of his class. His quiet, energetic ways did not pass unnoticed. In his studies he was not brilliant, though no one applied himself with more vigor in their attainment. As a member of the sodality, his wonderful initiative and efficiency were displayed in their true light, and numerous indeed were the good results that were accomplished by the sodality as a whole through his instrumentality. In short, Jim entered into all his undertakings with a zeal and whole-hearted enthusiasm which aroused the admiration of both the faculty and the students.

Before entering St. John's, Jim Dawson had an excellent position in the business world. He soon perceived, however, that this was not his vocation. His was a higher calling. He sacrificed his position for which he had striven so arduously for so many years, and entered college. He brought with him the efficiency he had attained in the business world and applied it to all his undertakings. Is it any wonder, then, that there was so much excitement that morning in December when Jim was called away? Faculty and students bid him a sad farewell, for they knew the second great sacrifice he was making. At the end of his Sophomore year he would have entered the seminary. Now this hope was shattered, and the time of his entrance indefinitely postponed.

With a brave heart, Jim marched away. He entered the training with the same wonderful zeal so characteristically displayed in his college days. His progress was keenly marked by his commanding officer. Through his earnest request, Jim was sent to the officers' training camp, at the end of which he received a commission as a first lieutenant. One noteworthy feature of Jim's amazing progress in his military career, was his wonderful devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and the attribution of all his success to Divine Providence. His noble character, with such sterling ideals, tended to produce a beneficent effect on his com-



rades. The cursing and swearing, so marked in an ordinary soldier, was lessened in his presence, for they had learned to respect his rebukes.

Months passed and Lieutenant Dawson arrived in France. The intensive training finished, the men in his regiment were ushered by degrees to the front. The time for the spring offensive came, and his company was one of the foremost to "go over the top." He had inspired the men, while in the trenches, by his amazing calmness even under gruelling fire, for what had he to fear? When so many men grew white with fear, when their faces were blanched by the sudden thought of death, he was cool and tranquil. He had nothing to fear. Was he not prepared? When his Master beckoned, would he not be ready? Inspired with this consoling thought, Jim ordered the men to advance. The whole line of khaki emerged from the trenches and swept over no man's land like a huge tidal wave.

News of the activities on the rest of the front reported that the French and English were unsuccessful in their effort to dislodge the enemy. The success of the offensive was thereby devolved upon the American forces. Time after time, the khaki clad troops assailed the trenches of the enemy, and were driven back repeatedly, bleeding and torn. Finally the crisis was reached. No one realized this better than Lieutenant Dawson. All during the battle his coolness and daring had inspired his comrades, but now a new light shone in his face, and his body was seized with what seemed a supernatural animation. He leaped in front of his troops and implored his men to follow him. He rushed into the jaws of death followed by the now aroused Americans.

They were met with a perfect sheet of living flame. Unflinchingly they advanced and carried the first line trenches. Onward they pushed, determined to inflict a decisive defeat. As they neared the second line trenches, they saw their leader fall. With a yell of fury, they were spurred onward, intent on wreaking vengeance for this deed. The enemy was driven to the last line of trenches. The Americans were ordered to halt and await reinforcements.

As soon as the grimy smoke was lifted from the battlefield, the Ambulance Corps began its ghastly work. The wounded were hastened to the nearest hospitals. The victors had suffered

terribly, but their triumph totally eclipsed their losses. Lieutenant Dawson was found unconscious, bleeding from what seemed a score of wounds. He had fallen from loss of blood. The skilled field doctor at once perceived that the officer had not long to live. The chaplain was hastily summoned. With doffed hats, the few of the comrades left of Jim's regiment, knelt about his bleeding body. The priest anointed him and administered the rest of the last sacraments. Then the little group began to say the prayers for the dying, and Jim passed away.

The war was finally brought to a close, and the men of Lieutenant Dawson's regiment returned to their homes. The sight of Jim's death produced a wonderful influence upon those who had witnessed it. This influence was not lost. After their return a few of them entered the seminary and the others led good respectable lives, cherishing the memory of their fallen comrade as their true ideal. When Jim had entered the service he was among a group of rough and ready soldiers, but the influence of that noble character had far-reaching effects, and the words of Thomas Gray,

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air,"

did not hold true in Jim's case.

ELMER J. TRAME, '19.

### The First Wild Flowers.



EARLY gleams of vernal dreams  
Your Mother plans to weave  
Among the hills and by the streams.  
Early gleams of vernal dreams!  
Be omen unto that seems  
From dreariness reprieve.  
Early gleams of vernal dreams  
Your Mother plans to weave.

BASIL A. HANEBERG, '21.

# THE XAVIER ATHENAEUM

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## THE LIBERTY LOAN.

Within a short while the flotation of the third Liberty Loan will be under way. It is significant that the first anniversary of our entrance into the world war should be celebrated by the beginning of this our third effort to secure funds to carry on the war. The other efforts were successful—there is not the slightest reason to suppose that this will not be the same. But, as it has been observed before, the mere oversubscription of the loan is not sufficient—we could safely leave that to our capitalists. The really necessary condition of success is the wide distribution of the government bonds. If it is humanly possible, every citizen of the United States should attest his loyalty and confidence in the government by a subscription to this loan. Only when every citizen of the United States has some personal interest in this war and some feeling of responsibility for its successful conclusion, will our best efforts be put forth to end this conflict.

**SLOUCHINESS.**

An interesting circular letter was recently issued from the office of the Adjutant General of the United States, dealing with the causes of the failure of so many candidates for commissions in the Officers' Training Camps. According to this communication, the outstanding causes may be expressed in one word—"Slouchiness."

Slouchiness, that mental and physical indifference, is not peculiar to training camps; it is an all too common element even in our Catholic high schools and colleges today. How often do we observe college men, who are, in the words of this letter, "not trained to realize the importance of accuracy in thinking," who are "beaters-about-the-bush," with never a definite opinion or clear idea on any subject whatsoever fixed in their minds? Their slackness of thought is reflected in the presentation of their vague ideas. Since they are not obliged to coördinate their thoughts, they look not for clear presentation. The Adjutant General proposes a remedy:

"Let the incorrigible beater-about-the-bush be taught that there is but one way to answer a question, oral or written, and that is,—clearly, positively and accurately."

Accuracy is one of the cardinal principles of the military, and an officer whose mental calculations are vague and whose orders are unintelligible, may be the cause of the loss of priceless human lives. Hence arises the importance that the military authorities place on clear thinking and speaking.

But not only in military life is this necessary—the college man who is not qualified to present his ideas in an accurate and forceful manner is lacking the only tangible proof of the value of the years of study he has undergone. The knowledge gathered in the storehouse of his mind may be vast and deep, but he lacks the key to his treasure house.

The third exemplification of this slouchiness, which this letter comments upon, is the slackness of bearing and carriage that seems to characterize the present day college man. Look about you in your school! Which class of men forms the majority? Those who are alert, tense, apparently always on the *qui vive* whose carriage and bearing has a certain verve and snap? Or rather, is not the contrary true, that the greater number are "slouchers," either of the one extreme—the depressed and mel-



ancholy shufflers, or of the other—the swaggering, devil-may-care type?

It may seem a severe arraignment of the college man, but the truth must be faced. The situation is not all that could be desired. For the sake of Catholic education and for the honor of our colleges drastic remedies should be applied. Let more care be taken to ensure mental alertness and accuracy; let more emphasis be placed on the basic principles of elocution; let more insistence be made on a military and gentlemanly bearing, so that “success may be assured as nearly as human effort can guarantee it with the material and means at hand.”

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### THE BATTLE OF 1917.

A strong indictment of the French military policy of 1917 is contained in a recent article by Mr. Wythe Williams, a war correspondent of some standing. The article deals with the failure of the French to coöperate with the British in a campaign, which might have closed the world conflict with a great Allied victory in the spring of last year. However, the cleverly planned “Battle of 1917” was a fiasco, due to the untimely interference of the political leaders of France.

War is not a game for amateurs, and there is no reason in the world to suppose that a group of polished parliamentarians could conduct a campaign more successfully than military experts. And yet that idea seemed to possess the political leaders of France, when they ordered the French commanders to cease what promised to be the greatest Allied offensive of the war. It is a grave accusation against France and it seems to be borne out by the facts. But if France wishes to retain the confidence and respect of her allies, such an occurrence must never happen again.

The experience of France furnishes a warning example to our own country. Our civilian government should be careful not to interfere in any way with the actual, technical conduct of our campaigns. Of course they must see that the war is won. But they should do this by placing in supreme command of our campaign the best available military experts, not by attempting to force their views on the conduct of war, on men who have made the game of war the work of their lives.

# CHRONICLE

**Faculty Changes.** Several professors in the province have been accepted as army chaplains. On this account various changes have been made in the faculties of the colleges throughout the province. The one change affecting us was the sending of Father Cain to Creighton University at Omaha to take the place of Father William Kane, who has recently been appointed as an army chaplain. Father Cain was well liked during his sojourn here and he left with many regrets on the part of the students. Father Bundschuh has been sent here to fill the vacancy. He has ably taken up the work left behind by Father Cain and seems to be a favorite among the students.

**Heatless Week.** Due to the shortage of coal and also on account of the heatless order issued by the Government the college was closed up for a week from January 15 until January 22. The week of holidays was greatly appreciated by the students because of the proximity of the mid-year examinations. All during the month of January class was pretty well broken up because of the various free days, some for heatless Mondays and others because of the lack of fuel. But since the examinations are over we have again gotten back to the old routine.

**The New "Gym."** The new "gym" is finally completed and is now in use, much to the delight of the students. For many a day have they wished for and dreamt of the new gymnasium. Their desires are at last fulfilled and their dreams have come true. The "gym" is one of the finest in the vicinity of Cincinnati and we have therefore good reason to be proud of it.

**Pere Cabanel.** On the seventh of February, Rev. Canon B. Cabanel, titular chaplain of the Sixty-sixth Alpine Chasseurs and a member of the French Mission to the United States, lectured to a large assemblage in the students' library, on the stirring conditions of his native land.

**Results of the Mid-year Examination.** Those who received the highest honors of their respective classes in the mid-year examination were the following: Sophomore, Jos. Goodenough, 94.5; Freshman, Edward Roelker, 97.5; Fourth Year, Bernard Broering, 98; Third Year, Charles Trame, 99; Third B, Albert Lorenz, 94; Second Year A, Victor Feighery, 96; Second Year B, William Buether, 96.5; First Year A, Gilbert Macbeth, 95; First Year B, Julius Thieman, 96.7; First Year C, Charles Cannon, 95. This distribution was the first

in the new "gym" and is considered the formal opening of the "gym." The orchestra, glee club and junior glee club also made their first appearance at this distribution and accredited themselves well.

**Doctor** Dr. George B. Hewetson, a noted convert and a cousin of **Hewetson**. Rt. Rev. Msgr. Benson, gave an illustrated lecture on "Russia and Its People" in the college auditorium on February 28. The lecture proved very interesting and enlightening, dealing with the history of Russia and the causes of the present chaos in that country.

**Oratorical Contest.** The annual contest in oratory for the St. Xavier Alumni Medal was held on March 14. A large audience was present to inspire the contestants. The decision of the judges awarded the first place to John B. Hardig. The other speakers were Earl F. Westerfield, Edward Roelker, Gordon F. Gutting, Joseph G. O'Meara and Joseph F. McCarthy. Three members of the Alumni Association, Messrs. Anthony B. Dunlap, Chas. J. Fitzgerald and William B. Poland, acted as judges. Musical selections were rendered by the Glee Club and the Orchestra.

## STUDENT ACTIVITIES.

### The Philopedian Society.

Since the last issue of the Athenaeum, a change has been made in the presidency of the society. Rev. Mark Cain, the former president, was transferred to Omaha, and Father Bundschuh has taken his place as director of the society.

At the mid-year elections, the following were put into office: Vice-President, Gordon F. Gutting; Recording Secretary, Joseph G. O'Meara; Corresponding Secretary, Lawrence A. Poetker; Treasurer, Cornelius Jansen; Committee on Debates, Elmer J. Trame, Earl F. Westerfield, Edward Roelker; Censors, Lawrence Kroum, Basil Haneberg.

The society has announced a change in the date of the public prize debate. The original intention was to hold the debate in March, but it will be held instead in the early part of May. "Government Ownership and Operation of the Railroads After the War," is the question to be discussed. The debate promises to be an interesting one owing to the fact that the subject is a momentous one and the debaters are the best that have appeared at the College for some years. Those taking part in the debate are: John B. Hardig, Joseph Goodenough and Joseph G. O'Meara on the affirmative; Gordon F. Gutting, Joseph F. McCarthy and Earl F. Westerfield on the negative. Paul J. Crone will preside as chairman.

### Senior Sodality.

The Secretary of the Sodality courteously granted the chronicler of these events access to the archives of his organization. But the writer's task has not been made particularly easy thereby. "Modus in dicendo quaerendus est." On Monday, February 24, the Sodality held its business meeting. The regular routine of "reports of the officers of the So-

dality" and of the sections, "suggestions for the good of the Sodality" and "for the good of the single sections," "new business," etc, was followed. On account of the coal shortage only three regular meetings and two council meetings had been held since the return of the students after the Christmas holidays. The new officers elected on January 14 are as follows: F. Gordon Gutting, Prefect; Jos. G. O'Meara, First Assistant; Jacob A. Volk, Second Assistant; Earl F. Westerfield, Secretary; Vincent G. Latscha, Assistant Secretary; John B. Hardig, Treasurer; Jos. E. McKenna, Sacristan; Henry Kriege and Jos. H. Whalen, Custodians; Jos. A. Broering, Organist; Leo E. Oberschmidt, John Shannon, Alphonse Lammeier, Elmer J. Trame, John F. Byrne, William A. Brungs, Basil A. Haneberg and Lawrence Kyte, Consultants. At the installation of officers the beautiful medals, obtained from the Queen's Work, were blessed and used for the first time.

At the business meeting, the matter of raising funds for the Peter's Pence, in accordance with the wishes of the Father General of the Society of Jesus, and of Father Provincial, was brought up for discussion. A motion was finally adopted to the effect that the Senior Sodality cooperate with the Junior Sodality in giving a public entertainment in the college auditorium in the form of an illustrated lecture on "Lourdes," and that the money realized therefrom be devoted to the Peter's Pence. The committee appointed to make the necessary preparations was composed of Messrs. Jos. F. McCarthy, chairman; Alphonse Lammeier, John Hardig, Lawrence Poetker and Edward Roelker. The entertainment was given on Tuesday, March 12, to a capacity house. The first part of the lecture, dealing with the wonderful story of little Bernadette and the apparitions, as well as with her after life in religion, was delivered by Joseph Goodenough. The second part was presented by Joseph O'Meara. In it, the audience is taken in spirit on a pilgrimage to Lourdes, to see the beautiful shrine of Our Lady, and to hear accounts of some of the marvelous miracles performed through her intercession. The lecturers were assisted by William A. Brungs.

The result of this effort to raise funds for the Peter's Pence was highly gratifying and the personal contributions of the sodalists during the past two weeks have notably increased the donation to the Holy Father.

**Entertainment Section.** The slides on "Lourdes" successfully evaded the submarines and were safely delivered to the Section on

January 16. It is eminently fitting that the sodalists should sing the praises of the Immaculate Conception and spread the knowledge of the wonderful events that took place in her most favorite shrine. The fact that 1918 is the sixtieth anniversary of those wonderful events gives the lecture an added charm. It is receiving the same cordial welcome that was accorded the "Little Flower" lecture. A nun who heard it summarizes her opinion in the words, "It is sublime," and a priest remarked, "The lecture is not only intensely interesting but also very inspiring, elevating and instructive. There is scarcely another subject so well adapted to kindle in the hearts of our Catholic people a



genuine love for their heavenly Mother and to fill them with confidence in her goodness as well as to strengthen their faith in the dogmas of our holy religion."

Though given more than sixty times, the lecture on the "Little Flower" has lost none of its appeal and popularity. The panegyrists of Sister Therese are called on week after week to repeat the charming story of that "dear little saint of our own day." Those who heard the lecture over a year ago—many of them Protestants—still speak of it in terms of the highest praise and admiration.

The slides for the "Joan of Arc" lecture finally have arrived in this country and have found their way through the railroad blockade. So much interest has been aroused in the woman warrior saint of France by the W. S. S. posters and by the war in general that requests for the lecture have already been received and dates arranged.

In all likelihood the Section will have its fourth lecture on "The Standard Bearers of Christ" ready for presentation at Easter.

Entertainments consisting of recitations, vocal and instrumental selections, etc., were given on various occasions to the inmates of the Little Sisters' Home.

**Eucharistic Section.** The Eucharistic Section continues in its own unobtrusive way to encourage the frequent reception of Holy Communion. A "drive" was made to raise the number of Communions during the season of Lent, and to judge from the absences from Mass in the College Chapel, success seems to be assured.

**The Federation Section** reported at the business meeting on the efforts made by the Hamilton County Federation of Catholic Societies to improve the moral conditions in Cincinnati by keeping a careful watch on the theaters and the sale of immoral literature, by preventing the exhibition of objectionable films, prosecuting violations of the law, etc. The Free Lecture Bureau, the formation of which was suggested by a sodality delegate, was reported fully organized and prepared to answer calls for speakers.

**The Goerres Section** still lays claim to the proud title "the liveliest of the live sections" of the Sodality and offers a remarkable record of achievements in support of its claim. The schemes reported in the last issue of the Athenaeum, such as, circulating lists of books to be taken out and to be put into the library, the Freshmen's special collection for sending Catholic literature to the soldiers, the Seniors' "adopting a soldier," etc., continue to do much good. Letters have been received from various cantonments and from the camps in far away France, testifying to the soldiers' appreciation of the favors shown them by the Sodality. A very cordial letter was likewise received from a missionary in the Philippines thanking the sodalists for sending him literature. The committee on the Catholic Press is pushing one of its activities, contributing articles and items to the Catholic Press, with more vigor than ever. It has not forgotten the work of procuring

subscriptions and the sales of Catholic periodicals among the students were never so successful as just now. The results of the semi-annual election were as follows: Joseph McCarthy, President; Gordon Gutting, Vice-President; Elmer Trame, Secretary. Jacob A. Volk, Basil Haneberg and Vincent Latscha are the chairmen of the committees on the Public Library, the Dissemination of Catholic Literature, and the Catholic Press, respectively.

**The Mission Section** will not allow the students to forget the "Standard Bearers of Christ" who are fighting in the front ranks for the extension of God's kingdom on earth. The weekly collection is taken up for their support, and periodical literature is circulated to keep the sodalists informed on the movements of these great heroes. The Section is eagerly awaiting the new lecture on "The Missions," fully confident that it will help to arouse greater interest in the cause which they are so anxious to promote.

**The Ozanam Section** is focusing its attention on Juvenile Court work and thereby offers its members unexcelled opportunities to become acquainted with the pitiable conditions that obtain in the homes of the very poor, conditions that are largely responsible for the delinquency of so many boys. The weekly reports on the ten "little brothers," whose cause the sodality has espoused, are looked forward to by the members of the Section with intense interest.

Catechism instructions continue to be given regularly every week at the Opportunity Farm. A special treat was provided for the boys during the Christmas holidays by their instructor, Gordon Gutting, who gave them an illustrated talk on the "Life of Our Lord." The seventy-five boys, both black and white, craned their necks to catch every word and to see every detail of every picture that was thrown on the screen. Another number on that afternoon's program was the story of "Jack and the Beanstalk," told by Lawrence Poetker, with the aid of beautifully colored slides that were obtained from the Public Library. Christmas presents in the form of prayer-books, scapulars, pictures and sweets, made the joy of those forlorn children complete.

The Committee on Public Institutions obtained the services of the Entertainment Section to assist them in furnishing pleasant afternoons for their charges in the various hospitals and charitable institutions. A new committee was formed at a recent meeting to comply with a request sent in by the K. of C. secretary stationed at Fort Thomas. The committee is composed of John Byrne, Joseph McKenna and Joseph Goodenough, and the main work will be to prepare programs for the entertainment of the soldiers and to collect phonograph records among the boys.

#### Junior Sodality.

The Entertainment Section of the Junior Sodality has been much in evidence lately. During the Christmas holidays the members, fifteen strong, gave a pleasing minstrel show at the Little Sisters of the Poor. Phillip Kennedy and Edward Broxterman contributed songs, while

Robert Gunning did the jiggling entertainment. They were aided by Master "Bill" Walsh, who, according to the old folks, was the best part of the show. After the minstrel, Messrs. George Kenneally, William Bechthold and Albert Hoenemeyer presented a sketch called "The Coon Rehearsal" which proved a great success. On another day the same performance was given at the Orphan Asylum in Bond Hill.

The officers for the coming semester are: Prefect, Aaron Stone; First Assistant, Edward Overberg; Second Assistant, Robert Quinlan; Secretary, Joseph Clark; Treasurer, George Snider; Sacristans, John Hannan and Herbert Siedling; Librarians, Robert Gunning and Edwin Fischer; Medal Bearers, Chas. Trame and Bertram Langen; Organist, Bernard Broering; Consultors, George Lamott, Robert Thorburn, William McCoy, Everett Hogan, Harry Moore, Albert Hoenemeyer, Victor Feighery, Edward O'Connor.

### Service Flag Raising.

The College campus was the scene of an impressive ceremony on Tuesday, March 5, when the service flag numbering 148 stars was raised. The flag was presented to the College by the Alumni Association on Washington's Birthday. In connection with the service flag it is very appropriate to mention part of the speech which the rector made on receiving the flag.

"Each star of this emblem bears the name of an old student of St. Xavier College, and around it is entwined the affectionate remembrance of some member of the faculty, who can see in the soldier of today the schoolboy of yesterday. Each star is the center of the kind regard of a group of class-mates or fellow-students, who know that the youthful soldier will be loyal and true. And on each star the faculty and the students alike center their hopes and prayers that the soldier boy will return safe with the light of victory in his eyes and the blessings of peace and security in his hands."

### The Orchestra.

Since the opening of the new "gym," occasions for appearances have been frequent. On Tuesday, March 4, when the illustrated talk on "Lourdes" was given, the orchestra members combined their efforts with those of the Lecture Club. Several selections were rendered, together with accompaniments for the Junior Chorus.

An innovation, in the way of evening practice, was lately introduced. A large attendance proved that the plan met with favor.

### Junior Chorus.

The latest activity outside of "professional" work, was the election of officers, which took place March 13. Harry Moore, First C, has had "President" added to his other titles. Phil. Kennedy, First C, whose count was one vote behind Moore's, is Vice-President. Albert Schmitz, First A, becomes Librarian.

# Department of Commerce

**Xavierites Victors.** The high standard of efficiency maintained by the Department of Commerce was forcibly demonstrated recently when a number of her students participated in an open competitive examination for army accountants.

The examination was conducted by Professor Roden, of the University of Cincinnati, and the participants were, for the most part, degree men and active practitioners. Of the twenty-five who took part, Professor Roden selected eight, including the five Xavier men who entered. The names are: August Taske, B. C. S., '14; Florent Blaise, Certificate man in '16; Ben. Segal, Andrew Hageman and Alphonse Heringhaus. The three latter are members of this year's class. Mr. Heringhaus was eliminated because of the fact that his residence is outside the local military jurisdiction and Mr. Blaise lost on the toss of a coin with another contestant. The other three, however, were among the five who were eventually chosen.

The men were transported to Ft. Slocum, New York. That their previous success was merited was indicated here by the fact that they were quartered with the picked men of the four hundred in camp. After remaining at Ft. Slocum a short while they were transferred to the Ford Motor Company's plant at Detroit, where they are now taking special training before being permanently assigned.

This victory forges another link in the chain of achievements that this Department has to its credit. In every public competition and in the C. P. A. examinations in which her students have taken part, they have been 100% successful.

**Social League.** The unprecedented severity of the weather together with the shortage of coal interfered considerably with the schedule of activities of the Social League. The meetings for January and February were cancelled.

The regular programs were resumed on Friday evening, March 1, when the student body was addressed by Senator Robert O'Brien. The speech was marked by the well-known humor of the Senator and was replete with O'Brienisms.

Plans for the future include the presentation of the film "Busy Ohio," produced by the Ohio State Board of Commerce as an educational feature. This picture was exhibited on Friday, March 22.

On another evening the class in Public Speaking will debate the question: Resolved That Coöperative Ownership be the prevailing economic system in the United States after the war.



**New Classes.** During the month of February two new classes were begun under the direction of Professors Crane and Kilgarriff.

On Friday, February 15, Professor Crane started his lectures in Cost Accounting for the Juniors and Seniors. Professor Kilgarriff's lectures in Traffic Management began on February 12. Both courses are meeting with entire success.

Mr. Conway concluded his subject of Contracts with an examination on February 26. He was succeeded by Professor Kennedy, who teaches Agency and Partnership.

**Xaverian News.** The "News" has an added feature in the form of a page of communications from former students who are now serving the colors. The idea is evidently popular, as the lads in khaki seem to take pleasure in this means of telling their joys and troubles to their Alma Mater.

**Student Questionnaire.** A questionnaire was recently distributed among the students for statistical purposes. Many points of useful information were obtained which may serve as the basis for future betterment of the school.

One striking instance of the opinion our students carry away with them was evidenced by the fact that in almost every case it was the representations of some one who has taken, or is taking the courses, that led the student to choose St. Xavier.

**Ad-Sales Class.** To foster self-confidence and to afford practice in addressing an audience, the Ad-Salesmen have inaugurated the custom of assigning a five-minute talk to each member of the class in alphabetical order. One or two speakers introduce each session.

Prominent among the special lecturers who will address the class in the near future are A. P. Lounsberry, Oscar Broker, Harry Greife, Gordon Small, Oscar Reimert, Melville Snowden and Ben. Roth, all of whom are well-known Ad men.

**Four-Minute Speeches.** A recent feature of the English classes that was very successfully conducted was the composing and delivering of a number of four-minute speeches by the students. If the local committee has need of more convincing oratory, we can fill the bill.

**Mr. Koch's Booklet.** Mr. Felix Koch, former lecturer in Journalism at the college, is the author of an attractive booklet, "Cincinnati Sees It Through." It comprises 319 photos which graphically illustrate the part that the Queen City has taken in the world war.

**Mr. O'Meara Returns.** After an absence of many weeks due to a protracted siege of illness, Mr. Joseph O'Meara, instructor in Public Speaking, has returned to the college. He is rapidly convalescing and will soon be able to return to his regular duties.

# ALUMNI NOTES

Following out their time honored custom, the Alumni celebrated Washington's Birthday with an interesting program on February 22. A delightful address by Mr. Moulinier was followed by the presentation of a service flag to the College by Mr. Byrne. The flag has since occupied a prominent place on the front of the College and its one hundred and forty-eight stars have attracted quite a bit of favorable comment. The complete program of exercises in honor of the Father of our Country as follows:

Souvenir ..... *Drdla*  
 Introductory—Mr. Richard Crane.  
     The Ringers.....*H. Lohr*  
     Banjo Song.....*S. Homer*  
 Address, "Washington"—Mr. Edward P. Moulinier.  
 Caprice Viennois ..... *Kreisler*  
 Presentation of Service Flag, containing 148 Stars,  
     to the College—Mr. William A. Byrne.  
 "The Star-Spangled Banner"—The Audience.  
 Acceptance of the Service Flag by the President  
     of the College—Rev. James McCabe, S. J.  
 Rondino ..... *Beethoven-Kreisler*  
     Music by Students of The College of Music,  
 Clyde Krost, Baritone.      Harold Ahrendt, Violinist.  
     Charles Elliott, Piano.

'85. **Revs. Francis M. Lamping** and **William D. Hickey** have been appointed by the Most Reverend Archbishop to serve on the committee which is to direct the war activities in Cincinnati. Their first important work was the organization of Junior Red Cross chapters in the parochial schools of the city.

'97. **Colonel P. Lincoln Mitchell**, who is in command of the 136th Artillery, U. S. A., spent the Christmas season at his home in Cincinnati, later leaving for Ft. Sill, Okla., for a special course in the School of Artillery Fire.

'04. **Captain R. Louis Coffin** was also at Ft. Sill for instruction in the School of Fire.

'07. The Athenaeum extends its best wishes to **Paul Verkamp** and Catherine Bowden, who were married at Chillicothe, January 16.

'08. **Dr. Edward D. King** has been commissioned Captain in the Medical Corps and transferred to Chicago.

'08. **Lieutenant William J. Topmoeller** recently was home on a ten days leave of absence from Ft. Riley, Kas.

'13. The Athenaeum offers its sincere sympathy to **L. Elmer Conway**, on the death of his father, who died in February.

'14. **Francis Wellman** was honorably discharged from Camp Sherman to complete his medical studies, preparatory to receiving a commission in the Medical Corps.

'16. **Alphonse G. Berning** enlisted with the Aerial Photographers and Map Makers, and is now in training at Rochester, New York.

'16. **George Budde** has enlisted in the Marine Corps and is now with the U. S. Expeditionary Forces in France.

'17. **Thomas A. Gallagher** is doing his bit as a war librarian at Camp Wadsworth, South Carolina.

'17. **Raymond J. McCoy** gave up his law studies to accept a position as war librarian at Camp Taylor, Louisville, Ky.

'17. News has been received of the safe arrival in France of **John Yost**, who is in the "Fighting Marine Corps."

'17. **Vincent A. Albers** recently enlisted in the Quartermaster Corps and is now "somewhere in Florida."

'17. **Clayton Kiefer**, of baseball fame at Old St. Xavier, is with the regular infantry in France.

'18. **William O'Neill, Jr.**, followed the footsteps of his father and enlisted in the Quartermaster Corps.

'18. **James Heavern** has joined the Xavier delegation at Paris Island as a member of the Marine Corps.

'18. **G. Earl Koch**, who is with the 164th Aero Squadron at Middletown, Pa., was home on a short furlough during the latter part of February.

'18. From the firing line in France came news from **Stanley E. McDevitt**, just before we went to press. He writes:

"I have been intending to write you a few lines for some time, but as writing seems to me like nightwork, I invariably put it off with best intentions of 'doing it in the morning.' You know how it is.

"This job of crushing Prussianism is not such bad work after all. There is much joy attached to it, despite all stories to the contrary. . . . I suppose there are some wonderful sights over here, but really after a while they become so commonplace that I hate to describe them. Aeroplanes are always soaring overhead, numberless troop trains can be seen, and once in a while an enemy aeroplane or Zeppelin is brought down, adding a little spice to life. . . . The autumn weather was very miserable—mud knee-deep and rain every day. During the past few days the winter has made its appearance, the mud has frozen up and this morning when we awoke our tent was sagging under a heavy fall of snow. It is no joke to get up at five-thirty on mornings like this! We have heard little about conditions at St. X. this year and are awaiting all the news from you. We will be back just as soon as we have made 'the world safe for democracy.' Meanwhile, regards to all the St. X. bunch."

'19. **Colman F. Cook** has enlisted in the Medical Corps.

'19. **E. Ralph Moser** has been promoted to a Sergeancy in the national army at Camp Taylor.

'20. **Maurice Collins** has joined the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps.

'20. **James J. Regan** is a Sergeant with the Expeditionary Forces in France.

'20. **Camillus Moser**, who enlisted in the Base Hospital Corps last autumn, was called out for service early in March.

**L. W. Gilbert**, last year's football coach, has enlisted in the Navy.

It may be of interest to some to know the whereabouts of our former drill-masters. **Captain "Billy" O'Neill** is now at Baltimore and **Sergeant Kilgour** is with the 147th Infantry at Montgomery, Ala.



# EXCHANGES

**Solanian.** The December issue of this welcome magazine was received and read with the utmost pleasure. As we turned over the first few pages, we were greeted with a charming bit of poetry entitled "Midnight Bells." The pathos in the first stanza is admirably contrasted with lively spirit in the second. "An Insufficient Wage and Its Consequences" was read with considerable interest. The essay deals in a capable manner with one of the great evils of the present day, and the cause of such widespread poverty in our country. "How Far That Little Candle Throws Its Beams" is a delightful short story. At a first glance, the length of the story would seem to detract from its real interest, but once enveloped in its folds, the climax comes too soon. It certainly held our attention to the very finale. "Christmas Night," a poem of three stanzas, deals with the birth of the Christ-child. "Gratitude," a poem of four stanzas, contains a depth of thought esconced for the most part in trochaic tetrameters. We certainly agree with the author that—

"The brightest gem in life's vicissitude  
Is simple unaffected gratitude."

"The Utility of a Higher Education" treats in a very able way, and pleasing style, with a favorite topic of the present day. "Consolation" is a touching piece of poetry dealing in a pathetic strain with the departure of summer. The contents of this issue are certainly deserving of great praise.

**The Fordham Monthly.** One of the neatest and most inviting looking magazines that comes to our desk is the Fordham Monthly. This is, no doubt, due to both the outward and inward appearance of the magazine, the manner in which the contents are arranged. Instead of turning over a half dozen pages filled with advertisements, the reader is at once plunged into the midst of the articles. The poem "Dream Song of Erin" is assuredly an attractive piece of art. Composed practically entirely of couplets, the poem had an uniqueness in keeping with the noble theme. "A Condemnation of the Surprise Ending" was read with exceeding interest. The story was very skillfully composed, and the plot developed in a manner which completely shrouded the forthcoming climar. "Aviary of the Ages" is an essay written in a very capable manner, touched here and there with a sprightly use of flowery language. "Invocation" deserves honorable mention. "A Study in Monomania" then attracted our attention. The length of the composition together with the portentous title seemed at first to alienate our desire to plunge into its folds, but a moment's consideration of our assumed duty as critic waived aside all our hesitancy. It is needless to



say that we thoroughly enjoyed the story. Written in the first person, it had a directness which constituted, in our estimation, the most effective element of the story. "Nemesis" narrates in a very interesting way, the results of a boyish prank. Besides its interesting feature, the story contains a very good moral. "The Three Roads" is a poem of three stanzas, written in a very fascinating, lilting style. "Mr. Ortho Doques" depicts in a brief breezy manner some of the probable results if women are given suffrage. The article displays the intelligence of the author on this subject in a way, that it were better for him to keep out of "their" reach, when "they" are reading it.

**Fleur de Lis.** The January number of this welcome magazine was received, read and, to some extent, appreciated. The opening article is entitled "The Geology of St. Louis." Though it is a rather lengthy composition, the article is written in a form of a dialogue, which aided materially in holding the reader's attention to the last. We really thought the article was out of place in a college magazine. Its proper place is in a geographical publication, with readers who would have especial interest in its content. "Post-Hypnotic Phenomena" next attracted our attention. To those who have not some previous knowledge of Psychology, the composition is of no interest. The subject seems to be dealt with in a very capable manner, but it is difficult for us to determine its true merit. It, too, seems out of place in a college magazine. Its proper place is in a text book. "Cordelia" was really appreciated. We liked the style of the writer and the way in which he treated the subject. "Next Door to the Right," the only story in this issue, held our undivided attention to the last. The outstanding feature of this issue was the poetry. It was conspicuous by its absence.

**Saint Peter's College Journal.** The December issue of this imposing looking publication began with a very fitting frontispiece, "The Nativity." Opposite it, a simple poem entitled "A Christmas Carol" dealt with the thought of the first Christmas in a very pleasing, unassuming style. "The Spirit of Christmas," an interesting story, narrates the crime and restitution of a clever pickpocket. The plot is well-developed. "Christmas Peace," a tale of the present world-war, held our undivided attention to the very end. Its length did not in the least detract from its true merit. A very attractive poem, "Bethlehem," then met our gaze. Its theme is the travel of the Magi in quest of the newborn King. "The Golden Christmas," another short story, dealt in a simple, true-to-nature style with the event of one Christmas Eve in the life of a miner's family, and its munificent result. "The Snow King" is a poem of six stanzas. Its verses had a lilt truly fascinating. "The Vigor of the Classics" is an essay of extraordinary merit, and is certainly deserving of much praise. "La Savate" is rather an unusual story with an excellent plot. It is needless to say we thoroughly enjoyed the story. The plot was masterfully developed.

**The Borromean.** One of our newest visitors is *The Borromean*. Its inviting appearance and well-filled table of contents clamored persistently for a review. Owing to the extensiveness of the contents it was hardly possible to deal at length with all the articles. We therefore selected which seem the best in our estimation. "Christmas" is a very beautiful and simple poem of three stanzas. "The Romance of a Ford" is a delightful short story. "Number 258" is a very extraordinary story of the present draft and the heroic deeds of three national army men. It was certainly appreciated. "The Girl on the Gate-Post" is another very fine story. The plot is carefully developed in a masterful manner. "The Ancients Up-to-Date" is assuredly an essay of exceedingly high merit. "When Cupid Conquered Mars," tells, in a pathetic way, the separation and reunion of two lovers, caused by the present war. "One of Manning's Methods," though an interesting story, has a plot, exceedingly improbable, and its length detracts from the possible worth of the story. It is hard to see how this story passed the *Borromean* censor. The dialogue, especially, was by no means true to nature, and the round-about way in which the robbers are captured,—well, we'd better not express our opinion. "Never Again" is another story with an event which, to say the least, is hardly probable. The plot, though, is nicely developed, and the climax brings with it a great surprise. "The Return" is, to our mind, one of the best stories in this issue. Each and every event is not only probable, but is occurring before our very eyes each day. The ravages of drink are everywhere apparent. The plot was cleverly handled. "The Mysterious Midnight Visitor" started out in an interesting manner. The story was developed very capably, but the dialogue was too strained and artificial. The outstanding feature of this issue was no doubt the number of stories. With the exception of two or three, all of them are of a very high standard. The essays are particularly deserving of creditable mention. With a considerable amount of discretion as to the future selection of stories for this magazine, we certainly augur well for your success.

**Mountaineer.** The first article in the December-January number of this interesting magazine was "Thinking—And the Art of Study." It is a very lengthy essay, but the manner in which the subject is developed, and the simple easily-understood language that is used, rendered the entire work very pleasing. "The Follies of 1606" is a very humorous short story. "To a Fragment of Ice" is a very beautiful poem of five stanzas. "A Nineteenth Century Scholar" is an excellent essay on Cardinal Wiseman. "The Patriot" is a very short story telling of a woman's patriotism to her country. The plot might have been more extensively developed. "The Dream of Gerontius" is an excellent review of the original written by Cardinal Newman. "The Valley" is another attractive poem of four stanzas depicting the calm peacefulness of evening, and the deep silence of night in a valley. "An Unintentional Apostle"

is undoubtedly the best story in this issue. The plot is very ably developed, and the climax effords a pleasing surprise. "The Novels of Robert Hugh Benson" is a scholarly essay showing the chief features of Benson's best novels. It certainly shows the deep insight of the reader into the character of Benson, acquired undoubtedly from a correspondingly deep study of his works. The contents of this issue were extremely pleasing and interesting.

We wish to gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines: Abbey Student, Campion, Collegian, College Spokesman, Creighton Chronicle, Dial, De Paul Minerval, University of Detroit Magazine, Echoes, Exponent, Fleur De Lis, Fordham Monthly, Georgetown Journal, Gonzaga, Helianthos, Holy Cross Purple, Lumina, Mountaineer, Nardin Quarterly, Niagara Index, Pacific Star, Purple and Gray, Redwood, Solanian, Springhillian, St. Angela's Echo, St. Mary's Messenger, St. Mary's Sentinel, St. Peter's College Journal, St. Vincent College Journal, Young Eagle, Xaverian News.



# CLASS NOTES

## Senior.

A few things worthy of notice in Senior hall are the newly acquired furniture and bric-a-brac. The class itself is just as studious as ever, absorbing Philosophy, Education, etc., like a sponge absorbs water.

George Kearns has been coming to class three minutes earlier than usual, arriving at 9:27 daily.

If one perchanced to notice George's side-partner, Joe McCarthy, during the early days of March, he might have been seen wearing a five-foot splint on his hand. Suppose he should break a leg?

The gentlemen in the rear row seem to be yielding to their frivolous instincts of late. Three times in the last week the writer has been awakened ten minutes before the bell rang. P. S.—I may be suffering from insomnia.

We have to admit—blushingly—several victories for '18 in the College basketball league.

Larry Poetker continues to run a second-hand store under the cover of his desk.

There must have been an early morning emergency meeting of the Price Hill Congress the other day. Mr. Crone nonchalantly strolled in at half-past ten.

## Junior.

After the return of the class from the Christmas holidays, new class officers for the second semester were elected. The following were elected: President, Harold M. Thorburn; Vice-President, Alphonse Z. Lammeier; Secretary, Paul D. Meagher; Censor, Cecil See Chamberlain.

The Junior Class is represented in the Basketball League by an excellent aggregation, comprising two-thirds of the entire class. This shows the spirit with which the Juniors have undertaken the fight for the pennant.

No doubt our success in the line of Athletics will be materially aided by the efforts of Joseph I. McKenna. His wonderful energy in chasing the ball down the floor has been noted by our captain, Leo Egbring.

Four-ninths of the class take French. The other day Joe McKenna inquired of our French professor what "bon ami" meant. Before he could answer, Harold Thorburn interrupted with the solution "Sapolio, Joe."

Joe O'Meara tells of an interesting incident that took place in the Physics lecture room one fine morning. The time for recitation came around and he was asked by the professor:

"What is the unit of power?"

Joe, who had been indulging in a day dream, suddenly awoke and exclaimed:



"The what, sir?"

"Correct," replied the professor, and pursued his recitation.

"Talk about luck," says Joe when he narrates this incident.

The fellow who has been marking periods indiscriminately in Joe McKenna's Horace is hereby warned to cease this inhumane practice. It was on this account that Joe started a heated argument the other day in our Latin class. Joe was deceived by one of these periods, and violently claimed that the sentence "didn't make sense." What is more, he still believes it.

The President of the Mission Section of the Senior Sodality called our attention to give more silver to the penny collection. The copper is too easily matched.

Coleman Cook joined the Medical Corps at Fort Thomas, Ky., and is now stationed at Fort Sam Houston, Texas. He writes interestingly of his varied experiences in camp.

Junior Class will be represented in the Public Debate and Oratorical Contest by Joe O'Meara. He is assured of the class's hearty support.

#### **Sophomore.**

The class was having a lecture-room study of the starfish.

The Doctor—"Collins, run through the digestive system of the starfish."

Collins—"We're not studying a whale. You must think I'm Jonah."

Rix has earned a new pet name. Since his election as Captain of the 1918 football team, with a keen perception of the dignity and seriousness of his position, he constantly refers to "us girls" as "my men." So we were forced to call him papa.

Our "Dago" teacher was explaining that it is the custom in France for an aspiring benedict to go to the home of the object of his affections and, without the knowledge of the young lady, to ask her parents for her hand. "Yes, and in this country, you'd get the old man's foot," chimed in Brungs. He must know; we don't.

The class has received the good, yet almost expected, news that Jim Poland will soon be the recipient of a commission as Lieutenant. Jim's rise has been rapid and we are sure that he will continue higher, for he is not like the Irishman who "was willing to go up in an aeroplane if he could keep one foot on the ground."

We loath braggards, no matter how much we can bear a just and legitimate pride. But what we started out to say was that ours is the only class in the College that can boast of a Sergeant and a Lieutenant from its ranks. We have them:

Sergeant E. R. Moser, 327th Machine Gun Battalion, U. S. A.

Lieutenant James Poland, Q. M. C.

The class is getting quite used to bidding its members who have military aspirations good-by. First it was Moser, then Poland. Rix got the fever but got over it in a day or two. This seemed the best method, so a few weeks ago Byrne bade us all good-by. Lo and behold, he showed up bright and early two days later. Whose turn is next? P. S.—You know that we get off for several hours to bid the departing traveler farewell.

**Freshman.**

According to Shakespeare, "All the world's a stage," and Freshman class room was a stage, a few weeks ago, for the enactment of a tragedy.

The time: Half-past two on a Friday afternoon.

Cast of characters: Freshmen; Messenger from the Office.

The message: "Regular sessions, which have been suspended for several weeks, will be resumed on the coming Monday."

Finale: Smothered and suppressed groans.

Recently—for the fourteenth time—we climbed up the perilous rocky sides of Natural Bridge with the peerless elocutionist, Mr. James Ryan, filling us with dread and fear. However, a spliced rope, thrown from above at the psychological moment, saved us from an untimely destruction in the waterless regions beneath.

Jack Conway was accusing Phil Guiney of illiteracy.

"Why, you use all manner of incorrect phraseology and you are clearly a poor grammarian!"

"I ain't nothing of the kind," retorted Philip.

Our class basketball team looks formidable with Roth, Danahy, Bunker, Maggini and "Doc" Spaeth in the lineup. Watch what we do in the interclass games!

One night Clem Arata went to see a magician burn snowballs. There happened to be a heavy snowfall that night, but Mr. Arata senior could not understand why there was none on the window-sills the next morning.

Why is it that the lights in Freshman class-room do not always respond to a turn of the switch?

Speaking of finding hidden treasure, how would you like to arrive at school some morning and find an armature, or even an entire motor, in your desk? So far, Roelker has found the maximum amount of armatures, while Volk leads with the motors.

When Danahy prefixes "Doc" to his appellation, he intends to hang out his "shingle" in Newport, unless the price of shingles makes it tin!

We members of Freshman class recently lost one of our best and most highly esteemed professors, when Fr. Cain left our midst. All join in and wish for his speedy return to health in his new location. While writing in this strain, let us welcome, with no lapse of enthusiasm, the one professor to replace him, his successor, Fr. Bunschuh.

We wonder: Were our "classless" Mondays also "meetless" Mondays?

Basil Haneberg experienced a peculiar misfortune the last "laboratory" afternoon when a flask of gas exploded and smashed his beak-ER!

We wish to know why so many Freshmen want to get small change. Can anyone help us out?

English Professor: "I desire you to procure a note-book. Now, I mean by a note-book, anything between two covers."

Freking: "I guess I must be a note-book all night."

At any rate, the first semester, though it has its joys (?) and sorrows, is past!

"At least, a semester," says Eugene Eckerle, "is a wart on the pickle of time!"

Heard in the class-room:

Professor: "Guiney, you are floating about on the sea of life in a frail bark! Eckerle, you need not laugh, you are in the same boat! (Murmur from the class: "Got a life preserver, Phil?"")

#### Fourth High.

The mid-semester exams are over and we find that the most of us have dragged ourselves through them fairly well. We, no doubt, call to mind, and not with regret, the off-days which came across our path and helped lighten our burden at so critical a time. In our class, Bernard Broering succeeded in carrying off highest honors, with J. H. Schumacher running a close second.

Now that this period is over we find ourselves confronted by another, the poetry period. We are getting so much poetry jammed down our throats that it seems quite impossible to imagine how Milton or the other poets will bask in the sunlight of fame when we commence writing. We are getting poetry in all its shapes and forms, Latin, Greek and English. How, Oh how, will we tame this savage mystery?

The Voice from Abroad:—Several months have elapsed since we had our last opportunity of ocularly perusing the lineaments of one former member of our class, George Saffin. Now that he is gone and widely separated from us we feel that we owe him a heartfelt thanks for the pride we take in him. Although it is a great privilege to steal away occasionally from the daily routine of our work and think of a friend of ours who is engaged in such a praiseworthy cause, yet there is a still greater privilege which we may enjoy and that is communication with him. Not only is this a privilege of ours but it is his innermost desire that we do so. By doing this we can show a Sammy friend of ours in France that his action is appreciated and that his name is not forgotten but pressed away among the leaves of memory, there to exhale the sweet fragrance of a matchless and blameless purpose. His address can be obtained from several members of the class.

Lamott—"What animal falls from the sky?"

Burns—"I don't know. What animal does?"

Lamott—"Rain—dear."

Joseph Trentmann is supposed to be an authority on matters musical. The other day Klocker asked him if he knew the key in music which would make the best army officer. Trentmann answered in the negative. Whereupon Kloecker answered, "A sharp major."

Rolfes—"If a tough beef-steak could talk, what English poet would it name?"

Holscher—"I don't know. What name would it say?"

Rolfes—"Chaw-sir (Chaucer)."

The other day Wubbolding asked Sweeney why he was talking with himself. Sweeney replied that he usually likes to talk with intellectual men.

### Third Year High A.

Have you noticed the service flag in our class-room? It is for Robert Flannigan who enlisted in the Medical Corps, and the members of the class wish him success and a quick return.

The latest entries for Third A's crack basketball team are Foltz and Smith. The latter, a promising young forward, will try to replace the wonderful Overman, while Foltz, provided he grows a little more in the next few days, will try to dislodge Zang at center.

Will Fourth Year ever stop trying to beat Third Year in basketball? Judging by the two successive defeats administered to that class, one would think that they would give it up as a bad job.

Slomer must have a nice idea of his examination papers. A few days ago when asked to write some jokes for the class notes, he began industriously to look through the papers.

Our class will soon have to declare war on our upstairs neighbors, the Chemistry room, if they don't stop making gas attacks on us. We have suffered two of these so far, and unless stopped, gas masks will be come absolutely necessary.

Father—"You may all start writing class notes."

Bright Willie—(Waking up at the last word)—"But, Father, I don't know a quarter note from a full note."

Talking about "Brownie" Overman, will some kind person volunteer to suggest a method by which he might take on weight and height? Certainly the prospects for next year's High School basketball team would be a lot brighter, for, who in the High School is a better shot than this little marvel?

Florence Heidacher seems to be living up to his name quite well. Since he has adopted the "part-the-hair-in-the-middle" style, all he needs now are shell-rimmed glasses and a wrist-watch, and his attire will be complete.

Our class was plunged in the deepest grief not long ago when Fr. Shea announced that all friendly connections would hereafter be severed with our old book review standby, "The Ancient Mariner."

### Third Year B.

None were more eager for the opening of the new "gym" than Third Year B, who, in happy consort with their other friends, awaited the opportunity of wiping out old scores with Fourth Year. They carried off the laurels on the gridiron, but it remained for us to completely annihilate them in the court game. "Long John" Bien, "Red" Cushing and "Slim Willie" Bechtold were B's quota of the stars on the Third Year team who defeated Fourth Year in the only two games played so far this season.



"Brevity is the soul of wit," so they say. Can anyone imagine Bien cracking a joke?

I wept when you left me, O fortune is fickle,

I wept as you left me, my last lonesome nickle.—J. "Hank" O'Day.

After favoring their fellow class mates, their professors and the Rev. Director of studies, with a very commendable rendition of "The Coon Rehearsal," Bechtold, Kenneally and Hoenemeyer accepted the invitation to amuse the inmates of the Old Folks' Home on Riddle Road during the Christmas holidays, and needless to say they were enthusiastically received. Their success prompted other members of the class to similar activities and the result is that Third B hopes to entertain their friends with a new sketch in the future.

Clem Romer is pining away hoping there will be a "Greekless" day in the near future.

Lorenz, the spotlight of the class, never hangs around the "gym" anymore at noon, since it is rumored that "Kid" Bien awaits him to battle three rounds in the ring.

David might have been a hero when he killed Goliath with a stone, but he had nothing on "Butch" Buchheit, who can lick Third B with a pair of rubbers.

Speaking about fistic engagements, Eilerson and Kyne sure did put up a rattlin' good bout.

Scene: Our last class meeting.

Class President: Order in the class.

Glueck: (Just emerging from a dream.) Make mine a strawberry sundae.

Bechtold is advocating a return to knickerbochers. Any one seeing him in a basketball uniform wonders why "Bech" is not satisfied with the means Dame Fashion has supplied him to hide that pair of stilts of his.

### Second Year A.

Our class had a fine representation at the reading of the notes, no less than fifteen boys getting first and second honors.

The two leaders of our class, Feighery and Wuellner, had a very exciting race for highest honors, but Feighery finally won by a fraction of a note.

Thomas Ball must have something to do with our Greek books—half of the dialogues are about Little Thomas.

Our success in the Penny Collection is due to "Satrap Thorburn," our collector.

Great joy ought to pervade all hearts—only three more book reviews.

If Ambrose should Cook and Martin should Frey, would Thomas Ball You Betscher life he would.

When B—— was asked to use the word "indistinguishable" in a sentence, he replied: "After the fight, he was indistinguishable."

These book reports are unpatriotic. What would Mr. Hoover say if he knew the quantity of midnight-oil consumed the night before they are collected?

### Second Year B.

We were glad to welcome a number of new class-mates after the semester exams.

Our patriotism is unequaled. We have been "going over the top" every week, in the Holy Childhood Penny Collection. Last week we turned in more than all classes combined. No doubt our collector has something to do with it; his name is Victor, but we call him "Vic."

The fact just mentioned helps to account for the third part of our motto: "First in studies, first in athletics, and first in liberality."

We wish to extend our thanks to Father Milet for his public recognition of our good work in the Penny Collection.

Know what all that sand is in the yard for? We put it there to sand our tracks, and we have been doing it, too!

The latest honor shown our Uncle Sam was the raising of the flag, indicating that 148 brave St. X. boys have joined his ranks. Second B was there. That swell of harmonious voices in the rear,—that was us!

This one really happened:

Rutledge: Why is the ocean so near the shore?

Foley: Don't distract me!

Rutledge: Because it's tide there.

At the semester election of officers of the Sodality, two of Second B's members were chosen.

With a record of never having dipped our flag to any basketball team so far, here is the way we feel about the pennant: "Eventually, why not now?" It would save a lot of bloodshed.

It is with regret we hear that Schmuelling will no longer be among us. Our wishes for his good fortune go with him.

### First Year A.

Having secured a large portion of class honors, the boys of First A are now resting on their laurels.

Who stole Mider's looking-glass?

Bunning, translating Latin—And the wind blew the earth over.

Absent-minded teacher—Anyone absent in this room, raise his hand.

Where did Gausepohl get that porcupine hair-cut It cost about \$00.45.

"My boy," said the professor, "are you interested in Zoology?"

Smith—"Yep, but I like the Zoo better without the ology."

Question for historians—What became of the Areopugus?

**The review of 1918—**

Abrams—The Big Store.  
Siedling—The Senator from Indiana.  
Gausepohl—The Mayor of Newport.  
Mider—The Pugilist.  
Bunning—The Golfer.  
Bradley—The Athlete.  
Flavin—The Learned Professor.

**First Year B.**

Webb is very busy spinning yarns these days.

The singing Tuesday night was a great success, due perhaps to so many of our class not being in the glee club.

Hamilton: While I was eating lunch the other day at a down-town lunch-room, twenty people got up and left the table.

Gaynor: Why the sudden departure?

Hamilton: They had finished eating.

Teacher: What two things are necessary for baptism?

Ader: Water and a baby.

Hardebeck has just finished a new song entitled: "Ireland can't be Heaven for McKenna came from there.

Webb (to Klingenberg): Hello Tuesday.

Kling: Why do you call me Tuesday?

Webb: Because you are so meatless.

Staley: Teacher, there is no chalk here.

Teacher: Look in Klingenberg's pocket.

Bruwer saw Douglas Fairbanks in "The Modern Musketeer" and has been trying to climb Gaynor's "steeple" ever since.

If silence were water, Reekers would be Niagara Falls.

When Sullivan comes to school after being absent for a day, he knows that missing books and pencils can be found in Ader's desk.

Every one knows that Depenbrock cannot be reformed; he is getting worse every day.

**AVONDALE NOTES.****Fourth Year.**

In the mid-year exams the class honors of Fourth Year were won by Geo. Bishop.

Who do you think stepped into the spotlight the other day? Why, Larry McDevitt, the smart boy who solved the Post's baseball problem and won a season pass. Three cheers for our modest, unassuming Larry! His brother, Robert, of Second Year, won the tickets, and Ray Wurzelbacher of Third got a ticket for the opening game. Can you beat it?

About a month ago we received our class pins, one of the prettiest models on the market. We had to wait a long time to get them, but when we cast our eyes on them that circumstance was immediately for-





The Third Year indoor team hereby announces that the championship is its aim. Mehmert, of the Hilltop motto, "Slow and Careful," is acting as backstop, while Corbett or Dorr will endeavor to throw a few balls at him. When McDonald catches his first fly in center, we shall send an account of it to the Times-Star.

### Second Year.

Andrew Berding won the class honors in Second Year.

Second Year had two teams tie for first place in the Bowling League. It was only after a second series of eight games that they finally yielded the place to Fourth Year.

Steinkamp says that if Ohio should ever adopt prohibition he intends to open up a "Wills Coffee House."

Freeman: I read in the paper the other day about a guy who is going to will his head to a museum when he dies.

Steinkamp: You ought to will yours to a collar button factory.

Things to worry about: An ant would take 11,968,483 steps to climb to the top of the Union Central building.

"Mike" Schulte says he is like a bunch of pencils; all right.

With "Coach" Sieber on the job, the Second Year indoor team ought to be a top-notchers sure. Kunkel says he will do his share if the team gives him proper support.

### First Year.

The card of Highest Honors in First A was merited by Bernard Tansey; in First B, by Joseph Meyers.

A new way to make a hit, the first time you put on long trousers, is to stay away from school for a day and practice walking in them. Ask Kirschner.

The Giants, a First Year team, are out for honors in the indoor tournament. Watch them rise.

The Celer Triangles, a basketball team from First and Second Year, ended a very successful season by defeating the St. Boniface Alpines 26 to 20. This made the seventh victory for the Triangles.

### The Bowling Tournament.

The A. B. C. had nothing on us. Our bowling tournament was a roaring success. There was great interest shown in all the games by the four grades and when the finals came off, the house resounded with the noise of the rooting. First and Second Years produced good teams but failed to get in the home stretch, which included two Second Year teams and Fourth Year's "best bet." Fourth Year came out on top after bowling some excellent scores. For lack of time the games were limited to eight innings. The highest individual score was bowled by O. Frommeyer of Third Year, 197 in eight innings. The highest team score by the winners of the tournament, Scherl, Klein, Bishop and Niemoeller, 463.

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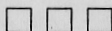
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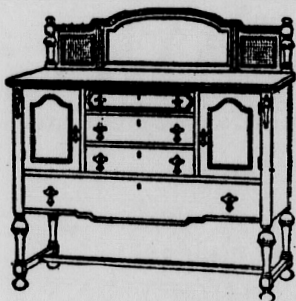
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Home Office Building  
Fourth and Broadway

RATES LOW—EFFICIENT SERVICE—CLAIMS PAID PROMPTLY

Assets . . . . . \$12,000,000

Insurance in Force . . \$105,000,000



**B. H. KROGER, President**

**LEO J. VAN LAHR, Vice-Pres't**

**J. E. HODGE, Sec'y and Treas.**

**HARRY WEHMER, Ass't Secretary and Treasurer**

**JULIUS A. REIF, Ass't Secretary and Treasurer**

**L. H. BILL, - Ass't Secretary and Treasurer**

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**REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF**

**The Provident Savings Bank & Trust Co.**

**At Cincinnati, in the State of Ohio, at the close of business  
June 20, 1917**

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**RESOURCES**

Loans on Real Estate.....	\$ 2,986,546.31
Loans on Collateral.....	2,953,944.97
Other Loans and Discounts.....	1,430,848.78
Municipal and Other Bonds and Securities.....	3,737,891.25
Overdrafts . . . . .	1,241.90
Banking House and Lot . . . . .	786,813.08
Safe and Vault . . . . .	32,409.22
Cash on Hand and Due from Banks and Bankers... ..	1,850,496.65

**Total.....\$13,780,192.16**

**LIABILITIES**

Capital Stock Paid in.....	\$ 1,400,000.00
Surplus Fund . . . . .	1,000,000.00
Undivided Profits . . . . .	250,604.86
Premium on Bonds . . . . .	203,947.36
Dividends Unpaid . . . . .	496.30
Bonds Borrowed . . . . .	25,000.00
Reserve for Interest . . . . .	35,000.00
Deposits . . . . .	10,865,142.64

**Total.....\$13,780,192.16**